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COMMUNICATOR STAFF:

Bob Backen
David Bloomfield, Managing Ed.
John Ettinger
Frank Oliver

PUBLISHING BOARD:

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Letters to the Editor

A Brief Trip On Czar Freman:

June 20

At the moment of a severe dope shortage Czar took a trip to the space with taste. It happened to be in more than one place but in this instance it was Afganistan, where some of the tastiest hashish is grown, pressed, sold, and smuggled. For some time he hung out there trying to find the best. He did. Well, he figured that Myrtle's Fertile Valley (better known as the Valley of the Gods) was the perfect place for his load of goodies (patties). So that was his destination. Hopefully unbeknownst to the Feds and other collaborating Pig Stys.

But destiny is strong and he was waylaid by some wiggies in the ARMPIT OF THE WORLD -- (Now this place is nothing like the Valley of the Dolls).

So, he spent much time in the ARMPIT (or as the locals so joyously call it THE ARSE HOLE OF THE WORLD); in fact,

you can hear them on the hilltops at night screaming it out, "ARSE HOLE OF THE WORLD!" The only reason they're on the hilltops is because they aren't moslems and aren't used to mosques with their convenient shouting towers and P.A. systems.

Anyways, he was in the "bowels" (another native phrase) for some time, being digested -- and eventually regurgitated; where upon he met the Rolling Stones on the top floor of his hotel -- after giving hotel security the slip and tried to enter a game of backgammon before anyone caught on. Well, success is short lived and after that he figured it was time to leave so he left to a place of space to become a correspondent for The COMMUNICATOR, with no expense account or even a laminated press card. What a cheap operation.

written by a close friend of the
CZAR'S
Boris Sputnik (cosmonaut)

On The Balcony With A Tuborg Beer:

Totally real but so fine this rush is better than any line. First it's First. Can't lose when you're last. A total intensity of all energies pent up shot out -- squirted all over and ready for more. To be treated like a King you gotta be one. It's the total moment that rules like a queen in heat. Seeing as how this tale should have some substance, another beer should do it. Got the bloody hiccups. Got a motorcycle.

Got to do nothing that isn't exactly what needs to be done. A real scene with a pool for a view. Lots of single ladies struttin' around half and fully naked. Moisture beads slipping down smooth mountains to the fertile valleys below. How can this be true. So cool. On the balcony with a Tuborg Beer.

CZAR FREMAN

Supra-Orgasmic

July 24

Of course, you all remember the last news heard from the void. It had to do with the glistening drops of moisture sensually sliding over moist mounds of pleasure seeking the most convenient route of ecstasy to the fertile valley

of nectar. This next piece will not stray too far from the last.

Now that everyone is familiar with where we were last time..... "Was the military take over of your atmosphere an improvement upon the previous reptile in control?"

Today it's California wine,
California homegrown
to blow my mind,
Six little ladies botherin' me
all the time
Ain't nothin' better for me
When it's all I want to do.
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

copyright: Stoneitis Co.
written by: CZAR FREMAN

As for the most recent happenings
to what's happening..... They've discov-
ered that the CIA has given people LSD
for years, as it was in use in N. Korea
during the war to brainwash GI's. Was
it only used in N. Korea? NO! ZAPO
FLASH AND FLASHBACK TO THE 60's.

The U.S. dosed all kinds of people.
One of them flipped out 10 days later
and jumped out of a building, plunging
stories down, down, down the labrynth of
darkness to the ever pending doom and
nothingness of death.

They should have hired Tim Leary.
Of course all that would have done is
cause the National Guard to put flowers
in their own gun barrels.

Now, in the World Act Play.... "The
play is great.... All the actors are
stars.... An enlightening experience....
You don't want to miss it.... Tickets on
sale at a discount.... BUY NOW. SAVE!"

BY CZAR FREMAN

Total Insanity

Aug. 29

Our next episode in the life of
CZAR FREMAN deals with the past couple
of days of total insanity brought on by
many variables and situations that were
not in the control of anyone involved.

Boris Sputnik

Seen from a height of some several
thousand miles the entire scene must
have appeared somewhat bizzare, yet,
there was lent, by some cosmic force, a
certain continuity to the whole picture.

Up close it could have been a mob
of real heavies. If it weren't that
each member was preoccupied by whatever
was stuffed up their noses, all would
have been normal.

Old friends met on several occa-
sions that lasted for days on end. When
the motivation strikes for parties no
one can deny the feeling. If we run out
of energy there is always something to
stimulate it. So, being in no lack of
drive, everyone was driven insane. One
of 'em even ran off and got married and
the reception (as well as the wedding
ceremony) only furthered our cause to
arrive at the outer most reaches of our
respective universes.

For a passive one such as myself,
the next episode was quite enlightening,
as a group of mean dudes grabbed me off
to party some more and having made at
least 15 runs down the slopes the day
before, my head was ready for some earth
food. Hungry is the right word. Star-
ved!

Is it what they said it was? Cli-
max after climax -- fuckin' right! Nos-
trils flaring, eyes running, bleeding
down the face. Pool hall space. Mean
vibes but the crowd was bad -- super
bad. No one hassled -- Bikers and ol'
ladies -- tire slashings -- hot cars --
kicked out of bars.

Each episode flashes by without any
explanation. Who needs one? Certainly
not me.

In between the madness is a lady --
bejeweled, foxy, fine, erect nipples,
quivering flesh -- Hard-ons!

Makin' money is a trip. You need
it to make it. So, the mind scams on
while manual labor becomes my middle
name.

Anyways, it isn't the same scene as
before. Don't ask before when. No an-
swer.

Women want the rod -- Men want to
give it. No conflict there.

Rockin' and Rollin' in the hay.
All this playin' has gotta pay.
Anyway it comes, it's all mine.
Paid for in time.
Who can put it down?
Crawl up to me baby
Squirtin' you squirtin' me.
Whose bed?
Whose head?
Whose dead?
Czar Freman jives again.

CZAR FREMAN

OBITER DICTA

While agonizing over the content for this column, searching my mind for that elusive butterfly called inspiration, which is proving quite difficult to grasp, despite the plethora of thoughts and ideas cluttering the grey matter, it's dawned on me that October marks The COMMUNICATOR'S third year of continuous publication. In publishing circles this fact may only be cause for minor congratulations, a small celebration, kudos here and there with a few hurrahs thrown in for good measure, but in the small world of prisoner-run publications this is no mean feat. Having experienced many trials and tribulations (emphasis on the former) since joining this magazine (some seven months ago), I am somewhat amazed that we have managed to survive this long, despite the obvious pressures of working under the less than ideal conditions within a restricting institutional structure. As those readers who have been with us over the past few years know and for those who have recently joined us probably suspect, The COMMUNICATOR has come a long way in terms of content and quality since it's inception in October 1972.

It is my strong belief and indeed the belief of the entire staff that The COMMUNICATOR owes it's success to two not so separate entities: our readers and subscribers, without whose financial, physical and moral support we would have long ago died an unnatural death; and even more importantly, the long list of editorial staff who have strived to elicit some meaning from the morass of penitentiary existence. There are two men who I feel compelled to mention. The first is Ivan Paracy, the immediate past Managing Editor, who, though a figure of some controversy while at Springhill and a controversial figure still, gave The COMMUNICATOR two years of steadfast service, oftentimes acting as the entire production crew. Ivan secured a Day Parole to Halifax last June and is currently savouring the fruits of Full Parole. As much as we care for "Uncle" Ivan, we hope we don't see him again, that is, here at Springhill. It's enough we still have to deal with his ghost haunting the office, hiding the good paper, hoarding rubber bands and paper clips, and hexing the old Gestetner. The second individual to whom we direct our thanks is Bob Eby, our departed Editor; that is, departed from Springhill with the Con-Act group, to seek their fame and fortune in the world of the creative arts. It was Bob more than anyone else who brought The COMMUNICATOR to it's present standard of editorial content, while pointing out the direction in which we are heading. Suffice to say, while we are continuing along the trail that he blazed, it may only be with divine guidance and inspiration that we will be able to match the energy, commitment, creativity, and down-right common sense that marked his tenure with The COMMUNICATOR. To coin a favorite phrase of Bob's: "What else can I say, that says it all!" [Note: The Con-Act story is a volume in itself, one we will feature in a future issue, hopefully the next.]

Our cover story, "Capital Punishment: Another Crime," by Rev. Graham K. Lough of Port Mouton, Nova Scotia, presents a rational viewpoint of the Capital Punishment question which we feel is in harmony with The COMMUNICATOR'S position regarding



EXPORT TOBACCO



Ninety per-cent of the Springhill Prisoners smoke 'EXPORT'.

this dilemma facing society. [Note: Rev. Lough's article originally appeared in The ADVANCE, Liverpool, Nova Scotia, in April of this year.] Another "special" this issue is Nick Di Spoldo's, "A Prison Diarist's Coming of Age," which offers a challenge to those looking for alternatives in dealing with the prison experience. While I disagree with certain points in his article, generally I concur with his basic premise. Hopefully, we look forward to hearing some varied response regarding "Prison Diarist." [Note: "A Prison Diarist's Coming of Age," first appeared in AMERICA, in January of this year.]

The remainder of the material found herein, I believe, speaks for itself but I feel a few notations are needed. In the poetry section you'll once again find the work of Robbie Hebert, though he too has left Springhill with Con-Act. Before Rob departed he submitted some of his "early works," which have been reworked along the lines of his more recent efforts. We expect to feature his poetry for a long time to come, as he promised us the world once he's resettled back in same. Also in the poetry section you'll find poems by Wilson Stapleton, a prison-poet from Massachusettes, David Younes, an ex-inmate of Springhill, and Glen Agnew, a prisoner at Dorchester, formerly of Springhill.

Don Whitten, who has been around here for some time now, has finally broken down and submitted his first article, a discourse on The Protestant Ethic. The mysterious Messrs. Parahamster Donut and Dindon continue in this issue with their sage advice, or is it aged vice, for their disciples. John Ettinger's continuing series, Makin' Out reappears with a chapter entitled, "November Daze," and brings us the further adventures of Papo and Eddie. The "Letters to the Editor" features the correspondence of our intrepid outer world correspondent, Czar Freman, who is on assignment keeping us prisoners informed concerning the state of the world "out there."

From the present staff to all our supporters, "Happy Birthday COMMUNICATOR!" Speaking of the present staff, we'd like to introduce ourselves: The much sought after Bob Backen, notorious cut-up and our laid-out layout man; Frank Oliver, our resident spiritual advisor and handyman extraordinaire; John Ettinger, up-and-coming literary lion; and yours truly, David Bloomfield, office taskmaster and flak catcher. It has been left to us to carry on The COMMUNICATOR tradition, not to mention producing a decent publication for the benefit and reading enjoyment of all our readers, prisoners and freemen alike. Though this issue is a few pages shorter than our previous issues (Yeah inflation has struck us also. Subscriptions are now six bucks a year.) we hope you find it as interesting, provocative, engaging, enlightening and informative as any of our previously proffered fare. We encourage and seek readership submissions, should it be through input or feedback. Since you, our reading public are part and parcel of The COMMUNICATOR forum, -- "We get by with a little help from our friends," -- without involvement The COMMUNICATOR remains just another run-of-the-mill prison rag. It is by way of dialogue, rather than monologue that we live up to our name. So, GET INVOLVED, don't just read The COMMUNICATOR write The COMMUNICATOR!

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FEATURE / REV. GRAHAM K. LOUGH

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT:

ANOTHER CRIME

Because of the great national interest to bring back the death penalty in Canada, I welcome this opportunity to discuss Capital Punishment with you today. And I sincerely hope and pray that after you have had the chance to read this article through, and deeply think about it, we'll come up with a more worthy solution to a serious situation.

But let me begin by asking - why do we feel so strongly that hanging is the only answer to preventing crimes where lives have been taken? Certainly our opinion is not based on any foundation of fact relating to each and every event where a life is taken. We never hear the fact, only the headlines in the paper or on television -- that on such and such a night a person was killed and the police now have in custody the man or the woman who did it. And promptly we yell out -- "hang them, hang them!" What right do you and I have to make such a decision, and apply such pressure on government and the courts? Is it because we view all life as being sacred, therefore, I have no right to take your life and you have no right to take mine? If that is the reason for our reaction, then I am puzzled by our equally sudden decision that the one who committed the crime has a life that is no longer sacred to him, or anyone else. Add to this another contradiction, our modern conviction that the life of an unborn baby is neither sacred nor with a soul, therefore, abortion is acceptable. So with what reason do you demand that someone who takes a life, should therefore lose his?

Let's look a little deeper into this whole matter of Capital Punishment. When we really stop and think about it, this outcry for the death penalty is almost a hysterical reaction that is without knowledge of the person and the events which lead-up to that crime. And in respectful comparison, Capital Punishment is as much a deterrent to killings, as you and I observing a tree dying of thirst, so we dip our fingers in water and wipe them on the leaves. It may help, but precious little. Likewise, we would do far better in every way by getting to the root of the problem. And

let us remind ourselves that likely the majority of the killings are not from "Bonnie and Clyde" -- style bank robberies; but more often the result of a sudden explosion among people in a home; or the eruption of violence at a party. Without any doubt at all, it can be stated that alcohol powers the finger and triggers the brain in the greatest majority of killings. Yes, drinking, that same curse which is involved in more than half the fatal accidents on our highways across Canada. And fatal accidents are another form of killing. But let us remind ourselves right now, that alcohol may be the biggest root on the tree of crime, but isn't the only one.

Before you and I judge any woman or man, and demand that they hang for their crime, we have a responsibility to clearly examine and understand the background of their lives. Then, add to that the facts of their actual crime, and chances are we'll reach a very different decision. It is a gross injustice to point to a certain event, on a certain day, and from that reach a most certain decision. The tree which I mentioned earlier, didn't die of thirst because it never rained that day. The person who takes another person's life, is reacting-to or being guided-by circumstances which occurred long before that event.

For example, when children are raised in homes where there is hatred, indifference, lack of unity, frequent quarrels, constant drinking - they will not have the blessing of parents who can meaningfully answer their questions, share their concerns and anxieties, and strengthen them with love. So, that child or those children are going to grow with the deepest kind of frustration at life. Furthermore, if the community also rejects that family, or if there is no place for those children to find love, understanding and guidance, then society will pay a steep price for such neglect. It may be robbery, it may be violence, it may be killing. It won't likely be love.

And I invite anyone to take a tour of Queens Court, making careful estimate

of the population of each community, then put along side of those figures how many baseball diamonds, hockey rinks, playgrounds football/soccer fields, recreation centres, youth organizations there are. Why, most communities don't even have a tiny Cafe where the young people can enjoy chips and a soft drink. Yet, we complain about their walking the streets, driving all night, and getting drunk. Does not the Bible say to us very clearly -- what you sow is what you will reap?

It's absolutely true. Yes, and let's add to this the corrosive quality of television today - with an incredible blend of crime, sex and beer advertisements, and we have no right to quickly condemn those who do a most severe wrong.

So let's get the facts straight. The news reports may tell us what happened in regards to crime; but you'll never know how deep the roots go that lead up to that event. And if we did know, we would then have to share in the guilt of the tragedy. Yes, it is when you deeply and sincerely examine the roots of a person's life; the quality of the home and family, the nature of the community, the relationship of that person all through life to school, and adults; then you begin to understand, and forgive and help them build anew.

Before I end this article, I do want to refer to the specific concern that Capital Punishment be brought in for the slaying of police officers and prison employees. We don't really ap-

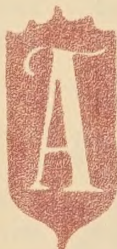
preciate the work that our police do. This is clearly reflected in our deep reluctance to earnestly co-operate with the police in times of trouble within our community, or in response to specific situations we may know about. Yet, we recognize the concern that their work compells them to deal immediately and directly with those who are filled with indescribable hatred, frustration, violence and depression that they are likely to shoot to kill. But let us also remind ourselves of two very important facts.

First, our police and prison guards are highly trained in the use of firearms and in what methods to use in facing such an extreme situation.

Secondly, just as the soldier who signs up for active duty must anticipate his being killed in action, so must the policeman and prison guard.

It is all part of the risk and responsibility involved -- a risk that is only reduced when you and I strive much harder to build better families and better communities. But I want it clearly understood, I deeply deplore the violent death of any person -- be it a policeman on duty, a guard in a riot, or someone killed in a car accident involving a drunken driver. Likewise, I deplore the hanging of a person. Capital Punishment is no real deterrent, for while it may bring relief or revenge to our minds, it doesn't begin to touch our much greater responsibility as parents, adults, leaders and teachers.

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Our Twenty-Sixth Year

A Prison Diarist's Coming of Age

Deprivation of normal experience though it is, imprisonment offers the occasion for a disciplined self-examination and for the release of creative memory and imagination in the diarist's craft

The silence and seclusion of a prison cell has inspired a remarkable array of tragic, tormented and talented writers. From Dostoevski in Siberia (The House of the Dead) to Oscar Wilde reacting to the grotesque gloom of Reading Gaol (The Ballad of Reading Gaol) to the misanthropic madness of Hitler in a German jail (Mein Kampf), prison prose and poetry have evolved from an alternately profound and foolish foundation.

Dostoevski attempting to overcome the bitter cold and cruelty of Siberian incarceration through creativity, wrote his brother Mikhail: "I won't even try to tell you what has become of my heart, my mind, my soul, my faith during these four years -- it would take too long. Yet, the eternal concentration and escape into myself has borne fruit."

This "fruit" has been cultivated by a good many writers who were forced to produce a very intensive inward-gazing drama, owing to the silence and seclusion of the prison cell. I was amused to note that the Readers Companion to World Literature (Holt) describes as "ironic" the fact that French poet Paul Verlaine was able to produce poetry in prison of such "delicate charm" and "musical sensitivity," considering that his entire life had been given to violence and crudeness.

It is neither ironic nor difficult to understand. Without the myriad forms of social stimuli, the distractions and diversions of social intercourse, the prisoner is psychologically compelled to create and sustain an inner life. Suffering and sensual deprivation often give rise to sensitivity that can produce the Dostoevskian drama of introspection or the soft subjective melody of Verlaine's verse.

During a prolonged period of confinement, the cell comes to function as a catalyst and encourages an emotional catharsis that may very well manifest itself in a spiritual or an aesthetic metamorphosis. This is precisely what Jean

Genet (The Thief's Journal, Flowers of Evil) meant when he described his cell as his "cathedral."

The spectrum of prison genre literature encompasses a wide and interesting degree of literary artistry. Robert Stroud, the renowned Birdman of Alcatraz befriended a fallen sparrow in the prison yard and took it with him back to his cell. That simple gesture led to Stroud's study of birds, the transforming of his cell into a virtual laboratory, and his contribution to the science of Ornithology. His massive treatise, BIRD DISEASES, remains one of the most authoritative works in the field.

Caryl Chessman, a man who spent 12 long years in California's death row, studied law and enriched legal literature with two books he wrote and published before his death in 1960: TRIAL BY ORDEAL and THE FACE OF JUSTICE.

The Marquis de Sade, paragon of the psychotic satyr, drafted his first manuscripts in the dungeons of the Bastille. De Sade, supreme sensualist that he was, compensated for the lack of sensual activity and physical expression by producing his own subjective cinema.

Stroud, Chessman and De Sade represent the scientific, the technical, the sensual. Yet all three men experienced the cell as "cathedral," in that they were able to function, for the first time in their lives, at their highest possible pitch of performance. Before their incarceration, their lives had been weak and wasted futility.

As writing is a prime pastime of many prisoners, it is unfortunate that so much of the prose and poetry produced in prisons today is concerned with the melodramatic and superficial externals of the prison community: riots, escapes, sexual assaults, bad living conditions and the revolutionary rhetoric of the so-called political prisoner.

The result has been a contemporary

prison literature that is hypercritical, and irresponsibly iconoclastic (as in George Jackson's SOLEDAD BROTHER and Eldridge Cleaver's SOUL ON ICE). There is an obvious tendency to romanticize confinement, it's causes and it's consequences. Consequently, the erroneous impression prevails in many minds that each prisoner is either a political victim or Paul Newman in stripes. One extreme or the other.

Early in my own incarceration, I decided I would try to write while in prison. I had no formal education to speak of, no one to help or encourage me, no idea of what it was I was going to write about. I was sick with emotional decay and only vaguely aware that I could not create and give life to the creatures of my imagination if I could not first understand myself. My characters were certain to reflect their author's confusion, ignorance and subjective shallowness.

So I began to read, and devoured as much as I could from the limited prison library and the personal books of other prisoners. I began to go from book to book, from author to author, as destitute and undirected as the hobo who goes

from train to train, not really knowing where he's going but only that he must continue on.

Mark Twain was fond of saying that "a classic is a book everyone wants to have read, but nobody wants to read."

That had been the case with me. Often I attempted Greek tragedies, Renaissance poetry or the tepid tomes of Kant or Spinoza, only to throw up my hands in impatience, and I could not convince myself that here was the means for me to resolve so many crippling emotional problems or to develop whatever writing ability I happened to have. I had been arrested, confined and cut off from the rest of the world. I was afraid of slipping into a type of scholastic stagnation that would prevent me from realizing even a fragment of the dreams I held for myself. But such reflection and discrimination in the cultivation of my tastes came only after long months spent in futile, undirected searches for some meaning to what I was, had become and was going to be.

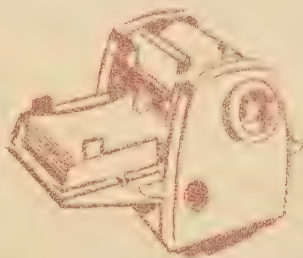
I remember my first spiritual romance with another mind. Someone had given me a copy of WALDEN. Before many

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pages were digested, my bitterness abated, and I found temporary solace in the sylvan seclusion Thoreau designed for himself at Walden pond.

Here, I thought, was rapport and an identification I would never again find. My crimes resolved themselves, and all my antisocial expressions were justified in the elaborate eloquence with which Thoreau condemned social shams and the regimentation of individuals. Like the many convicts who today identify with hate groups in order to vent personal hostility and hide their worthlessness behind political facades, I sought justification in the conviction that my antisocial tendencies and attitudes were confirmed long ago by Thoreau and, no doubt, many others all the way back to when man first began to keep a written record of his thoughts.

Why give a thought to society? It was society that made Socrates drink poison, burned Joan at the stake and crucified Christ. It was society that waged countless wars, promoted inquisitions, witch trials and other colossal idiocies. I identified with those who spent their lives remote and aloof from the mainstream of the moronic masses. The abuse and criticism sustained by Michelangelo, Van Gogh, Gile, Crane and Poe were but a few examples of society's worthless values and its inability to recognize the worthwhile, enduring quality of the men who lived among them.

Thoreau taught me patience and awakened me to the truth that there indeed dwells a wealth of beauty in the simple and commonplace -- things we take for granted because civilization has conditioned and oriented us to a sensual rather than spiritual existence.

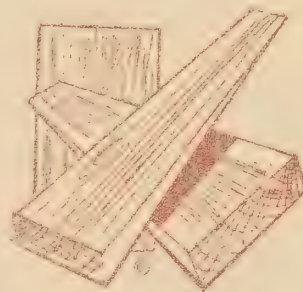
My life had been so selfish and superficial that, at first, it was difficult for me to understand and fathom another man's infinite love of nature and the soul-searching adventure it was to watch the autumn leaves change colors, or to study the beaver in his intelligent preparations for winter and the building of a home every bit as difficult for the beaver as the later penthouses were for pioneering architects. Thoreau's life was a loving dialogue with nature, and he no doubt experienced in reality what Blake believed in his heart: "To see a world in a grain of sand and a heaven in a wild flower."

After just one reading of WALDEN and several of his journals, I was aware of a very subtle change in myself. I was not transformed into John James Audobon, but I was instilled with a new sense of appreciation for the things I had always felt but had never experienced: a walk in the fresh fragrance of a spring shower, the beauty of a Pacific sunrise, the gorgeous garland of flowers lining even the busiest of highways. Each passage of Thoreau was like another window in my soul opening. I was to experience the

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WE'RE NOT SATISFIED UNLESS YOU ARE"

same sensation of self-awareness with many other writers in different lands and different cultures, but Henry was the one who first nudged me in new directions.

My actual attempt to write creatively in prison began with the suggestion of a San Quentin psychologist that I keep a diary. He felt it would be invaluable in terms of providing material for self-analysis at a later date. I have since filled eight notebooks, and to say that they provide material for analysis is a startling understatement.

The first notebook reflects the triteness and self-consciousness of the novice diarist. There is little subjectiveness and virtually no expression of interior illumination. But prison prompts a passion for privacy, and gradually my diary became my sanctuary and real refuge. I began to write about things of a personally painful nature and discovered that I was emotionally exhilarated by merely expressing them. I recorded details of an unhappy childhood, my mother's drug addiction, my self-destructive criminality, descriptions of dreams and relations with people in my past.

Periodically, I would go over all that I had written. If a certain day's entry reflected my anger or obvious irritation with someone or something, I tried to determine why I felt as I did. Like Anne Frank, alone in the corner of that attic, I wrote of all the things I considered imperative and important.

Somerset Maugham once wrote that if he were to set down on paper each thought that had crossed his mind, the world would consider him a monster of depravity. I know exactly what he meant. For in some 5,500 pages, I have done just that. My diary may often be a morass of immoral miasma, but it is always me.

I would say that my diary was delivered from diurnal doodling and sleeplessness the night I was told of my stepfather's suicide. We had been very close -- simpatico - and I blamed my mother. As a means of infantile retaliation, I sat down and wrote 16 pages in my diary describing the afternoon I came in from school and caught her intimately embracing a friend of the family. I re-

member finishing the entry and pacing my cell -- hurt, angry and confused. As if to erase the memory, I tore out the pages, crumpled them and set a match to them in the toilet.

I stared at the flames -- Hamlet pondered a skull -- and knew I was again running from myself. I went back to my diary, rewrote the incident, and this time I tried to discover the things which may have influenced my mother and created her problems. I had spent my life condemning and vilifying her. Never had I tried to understand her.

My diary underwent meaningful metamorphosis from that moment.

A diary is indispensable to anyone with even an ill-defined desire to write. The daily discipline of writing each day is certain to develop and stimulate whatever powers of expression one may possess. In my own case, I have had to write as I think and feel at a given moment. I need this spontaneity to give my writing fluidity of thought and feeling. It is the only way I can avoid the paralysis of comatose prose.

I began the diary with no conscious thought of writing with grace, euphony or the other components of style. Actually, I did not know what they were. I had entered prison with a 10th grade education, and, had I tried to write a note for the milkman, he would probably have rejected it. I realized long ago that I would never attain the elegance of Emerson or the richness of Ruskin. The diarist should not write as he would like, but only as he can.

Always, the diary should be an extension of self, an itinerary of the inner individual's uniqueness. When I experience the creative trauma of sitting with pen poised, staring at a sheet of blank paper, I recall Sir Philip Sydney's sage insistence: "Fool! Look in thy heart and write!"

Somehow, it always seems simpler.

[Nick Di Spoldo, who writes from the Arizona State Prison, has also published articles in the New York Times, the Christian Science Monitor and the Arizona Republic.]

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'WORKING TOGETHER WITH
THE MALE OFFENDER'

MAKIN' OUT: 'NOVEMBER DAZE'

by JOHN ETTINGER

COLD, DAMP, RAIN, -- NOVEMBER. A BITING, PENETRATING WIND WHIPPED OFF THE Atlantic, making the streets no place to be. Eddie ducked out of the liquor store, turned up his Pea Coat collar and taking long purposeful strides headed towards Papo's building. He cursed the wind and rain, "Shit, no wonder it's called the Hawk goes right through you, no mercy. I guess that's why Papo hibernates 'til April, his thin Cuban blood can't take this shit. Gotta get away -- Florida, maybe Jamaica. Jus' hafta make some big bucks an' it's Palm trees an' Daiquiries time."

When Eddie turned the corner of Papo's block he stopped dead in his tracks. Right there in the gutter, a heavily made-up, middle-aged woman was coaxing her Poodle to take a crap. She pleaded, she implored. "Come on Claude, pleeeze hurry, you'll catch your death out here in this rain." Claude looked away unperturbed, raised a leg, and proceeded to piss on a tire of a late model Oldsmobile. No doubt he'd been through this scene many times before and was quite blasé about the whole thing. Eddie gaped at the spectacle for a moment then muttered something unintelligible as he pushed open the door of Papo's building. The lobby was warm and steamy. He pressed the elevator button several times, but when the light panel above the door indicated '6', he opted for the stairs. He bounded up them two-at-a-time, the entire three flights. It felt good stretching his long legs and getting the circulation going. He rang Papo's bell, the special ring -- two longs pause and a short -- no answer. Again -- no answer. Again -- finally Papo's voice from somewhere in the apartment, "Awright, awright, I'm comin' man, cool it!" Papo came to the door and peered out through the peep-hole. "Who is it?" Eddie pushed his face right up to the peep-hole, his right eye glaring in at Papo as he shouted, "Open the goddam door man, it's me, don'cha recognize the fuckin' special ring?"

"Yeah right, jus' makin' sure Eddie, jus' checkin'." Papo replied.

"Lemme in man, open the fuckin' door awready."

"Yeah, yeah, sure, right, whaz hap'ning Eddie," Papo said in greeting as he opened the door.

Eddie bolted in and made a beeline to the bathroom. Several minutes later, he re-entered the living room feeling like a new man. Papo was relaxing in a beat-up, leatherette reclining chair, watching an Abbott and Costello movie on T.V. He looked over at Eddie and said, "Whatcha got ina bag?"

"V.O. where's some glasses?" Eddie grunted back.

"There's some ina sink, they need t'be rinsed," Papo said without taking his eyes from the screen.

Eddie went to the kitchen, prepared the drinks, and returned in a few minutes to settle in and watch the remainder of the movie. When a commercial came on he spoke, "Hey Papo, do me a solid, drive me oveh t'my rooming house t'pick up my cheque, I know how ya're 'bout loanin' ya car."

"Yeah sure, afteh the movie. Y'still workin' that little welfare scam oveh there?"

"Yeah, I pay the dude twenty from each cheque for the use of the address. It's a neat set-up, he covers f'me if any people from the Welfare Department come aroun'."

"Right, I remember from the las' time. Say Eddie, ain't that dude a fruitcake, he seemed a little faggoty t'me? Did he evah hit on ya, is that part of the deal? Y'could tell me, that kinda thing don' shock me, saw it alla time when I was upstate."

"Fuck off, ya dee-generate Cuban pervert," Eddie shouted back.

They left the apartment nicely stoned and drove towards the University district. The rooming house was located near the campus in a once fashionable neighborhood, now fallen into a state of bare respectability. Eddie darted into the run-down Victorian house and was back out in moments with his cheque. When he slid back into the front seat of the car, Papo grinned sheepishly at him, gave him a playful elbow to the ribs, and said, "That was quick man, you take care of business fas'."

Eddie nodded, "Make it oveh t'the bank, I wanna cash this, then we can pick up some more sauce an' go back t'your place," he replied.

The remaining business was attended to promptly, then Eddie and Papo returned to the warm comfort of the apartment. A second feature, "Castle on the Hudson," came on the tube. The flick, starring John Garfield, portrayed life at Sing Sing during the nineteen-thirties. The Hollywood version of prison life was ridiculous and at times hilarious. Several drinks as well as the movie prompted Papo to tell some tales concerning his bits in various City, State, and Federal correctional establishments. Placing his drink down, in order to free his hands, as they were necessary to emphasize certain points in his rap, he began, "Eddie, lemme tell ya 'bout the time in the Federal Jail downtown, y'know the place. Well, this French-Canadian dude, a bank robber, locked this young hack ina cell an' left'im there. The young hack came down the range, kinda snoopin' aroun' an' he looks in at the poker game. He steps ina cell but don' say nothin'. Alon' comes the bank robber, who looks in too. With kinda a gleam in his eye he says, 'Eh, you wan' me t'lock you in?' The young hack says, 'Sure,' 'cause he don' think the guy can do it widout the key. Well man, somehow, like the Flash, the bank robber slides the door shut an' locks it. Slaaam! The hack looks aroun', blinks a few times and says to us, 'Hey he did it!' We all cracked up man. The kid didn' haf his keys eitheh. Finally, an old hack came down the range an' the young one says to'im, 'Quick, get me outta here before the Captain comes aroun'.' The old one says, 'What, Oh, I'll go getcha a request form.' By now everyone was goin' off the wall. Well, the old hack let the kid sweat a little, but finally let'im out. The kid said to us, 'Hey fellas, keep this quiet, okay.' We all said, 'Yeah sure man.' We told everybody."

Both men had a good hearty laugh over the story, the kind of laugh where your whole body gets into the act. Eddie rolled his glass around between his palms, apparently absorbed in thought. When he looked up he said, "Hey, what was that old warden's name down at the Federal Jail?"

"Warden Guber, why?" Papo answered.

"You gotta tape recorder?"

"Why Eddie why?"

"Listen Papo, we're gonna have some fun. Hook the recorder up t'the phone so it don't beep."

"Eddieeee don' get me busted."

"Relax, it's cool." Eddie said.

Papo attached the tape recorder, poured a fresh drink, and sat back to watch the show. He knew it would be good -- they always were when Eddie was in a devilish mood. Eddie dialed the Jail's phone number, the receiver clicked several times then indicated a ringing on the other end, six, seven, eight times, finally someone answered, "Federal Jail, yah."

Eddie: Hello, this is Winthrop Barnett calling on behalf of Congressman Clarke. I'd like to speak to Warden Guber please.

Voice: One moment please Mr. Barnett.

There was a slight delay then another voice came on the line, presumeably the Warden's.

Guber: Hello there Mr. Barnett, this is Warden Guber speaking.



Eddie: Hello Warden Guber, I'm with Congressman Clarke's staff. As you know the Congressman is seeking a Senate seat in the upcoming election. When Mr. Clarke was Attorney General during the Kennedy Administration he had and continues to have an avid interest in all facets of criminal justice and corrections. In view of this position, he's asked me to arrange a tour of the Jail, if you're agreeable, of course.

Guber: Umm ahh, that's absolutely right. I met Mr. Clarke on several occasions during those years.

Eddie: Yes warden, Mr. Clarke pointed that out to me, he remembers you quite well. We'd like to come to the facility, perhaps with some press coverage and see just what changes have taken place lately. The Congressman is sincerely interested in the rights and civil liberties of the individual prisoner.

Guber: Why ahh, that's ahh, fine, splendid. Ahh, you know things aren't quite like they used to be. The men are allowed all types of reading material, nothing of an inciting or revolutionary nature you understand, and T.V. during leisure time. That's the most popular form of entertainment.

Eddie: Yes, yes, I'm well aware of your novel programs. Would next week be convenient for you and your people? The Congressman's anxious to get down there.

Guber: I ahhh, fine fine. I'll give you my assistant's number, it's ahh extension eighty-six, his name's Cliff Hackney. You two can finalize the arrangements. Say ahh, give my regards to Mr. Clarke.

Eddie: Will do, pleasure talking to you Warden Guber. Hope to see you next week.

Guber: Right-o, pleasure's all mine sir, goodbye.

During the conversation Papo had a handkerchief stuffed in his mouth to prevent cracking up, not blowing the entire operation. Finally he let go, howled and holding his sides rolled around on the carpet. Minutes later, still racked by laughing spasms he was able to speak, "Eddie, that was tooo mauchh, it was kra-zy. I got it all on tape, maybe we can send it t'one of the underground radio stations."

"Naw, better jus' cool it," said Eddie shaking his head.

"Okay man, that was bee-u-te-ful."

Eddie slipped into his Pea Coat and gulped the last of his drink. He looked over at Papo, who was still giggling, "I'm splitting, I promised Angie I'd pick her up at work," Eddie said.

Papo jumped up to walk his friend to the door and slapped his upturned palm as a parting gesture, "Eddie, tomorrow lez try Kissinger, there's somethin' I've been meanin' t'rap to'im 'bout."



OUTSIDE

i wait outside

wanting to get in

wanting to touch

wanting to feel

(if your heart will let me)

but no;

i am denied,

denied permission to attend

these amusements are not free, you say

and then you admit others who have no tickets

who are your friends.

for me

there are the smiles of laughter

the snot and sneers

the farting of my peers.

you will allow me to hear

the fucking

the tear and smell of flesh,

but you will block my way

(even if my tickets are stamped with

this year's date, it will be no good)

i will be outside.

the cold winds howl. the snow falls

and you, the ticket holder

knew me once outside.

Wilson Stapleton

DESERT WINDS

From troubled dreams I wake
Surrounded by each pulsation
Of the darkness in this cell

Silhouetted and familiar

Images of papered female flesh
Mesmerized on senseless walls
by bar --- broken beams of light
Searching for some forgotten
body stuck to ground.
Memories turn to salt,
Faces (lips angled thin)
by dreams obscured

I wake!

I wake!

I wake!

I wake!

And as my eyes shun
every last fragment of sleep

Desolate and unrelated

Bodies from childhood gone
come fill this night.
Then, well, I'll remember
walking endless streets
my vision tested
Till numbness set

Awestricken and agape

At the crevice opening

Up to devour my being.

I've learnt my lessons well

And remember where I've been

Feet and arms

Feet and arms

thrashed in rejection,

Erratic at this dance of life.

Swirl shadows tightly

stroked

Across the dreams of men.

Whirl winds in troubled eyes

reflect

Across some vast expanse

of solitude

loneliness

To touch the faded ends

of the fabric ego weaves

A delicate blanket thoughts

Spin!

And worn-out schemes begin.

PEOPLE

Sometimes, as I sit
gazing at everyone
flow in files
along the line,

I am struck by an enormity
of different eyes
that our uniforms
did not manage to hide.

There are many whose movements
clearly detail themselves

within the infinite confines
bordering my mind.
Things gain momentum
as the day edges on.

absorbing sun rays
our bodies
individually reflect
lightbulb conformities.

Never a common outcry.

One thought in two minds
grows into two thoughts
and no one is ever the same.
Each remains a fleeting shadow
to another's rambling thoughts

and these worlds build
a testament preaching
well kept secrets;

I am among the ranks
of those who find
stolen hints of absurdity
within this shifting scenery.

we are catered to by servants
of an idea no one believes ---

it was implanted
so far down
that now it has all
but disappeared.

Robbie Hébert
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IMPRESSION

Arch round, my body,
Tense, your limbs strained
Outward against precious stones
 mounted in gold to purify
All things recessed into memory;
And you, in this, my thoughts
Wind driven, a pelvic thrust
Impulsed
 in a final assault

 Against the roots of trees --- I

Turn slowly seasoned in shades
 (delicate, a sprinkling)
Of flesh, bone and sensation
Abstracted
 onto patches (concrete)
Garnished
 by a bordering fence

"No further!" I implore, "No further!"

Out there,
 beyond the trimming,
Past images flash so quickly by.

Once envisioned, the feast

not I, undertoned

Regardless of sensation, stark;

From the ceiling

crocks onto ropes tied

(cannibalistic Missionaries)

In gothic Overtoned

And freedom becomes warped in definitions.

Diffuse memories, slowly

unfolding in time

My whole being hangs suspended,

stretched out in sighs

The following second

drips

by.

In a needless search around

The great concepts

by which men live

and die,

I find no explanation as I am

Engulfed

Imprisoned

and set away in this

The crescendo of society's sterility.

I the wonder --- filled toy

held deep,

Within their hands

put through the professional

Scrutiny

of a department store's

Electric Eye

Electric Eye

Electric Eye

Electric Eye

Electric

The only remaining feeling

has been thrown

Among other ingredients

Brewing over

Possibilities

Everything suddenly boiling over

Robbie Hébert

© CON-ACT Programs

ADVERSARIES

love is never mentioned between brothers and sisters.

they, knowing its use

are wary of its sound.

Wilson Stapleton

In the palm of my hand,
I beheld an eloquence; an expression
of such desire to live;
for such a small living thing as
the portion of my plant, nestled in my hand
clustered together for support;
seven tiny green leaves; hung by a
long lean chain of silver thread
filtered with silent white laces,
by highways of blood vessel green.
seeping, meshing, into solid fields
of deep sea anger,
the back of the leaves' face, diseased
with speckle trout purple, rained upon
and left to freeze.
it is lovely, should I be any less?

Glen Agnew

ALONE

Hearing the large, cold steel door slam behind me, I felt the utmost feeling of loneliness and longing any man could feel. Looking down the long corridor which was filled with uniforms and men with empty eyes and no hearts, I could feel the tears welling in my eyes. The echoes our feet made walking down the hall were deafening, bursting my eardrums into tiny fragments. I felt as if I was falling, but in my state of paranoia, I could not be sure.

The sightless and heartless men stripped me of my clothes, taking all of my privacy, pride and decency with them as if they were a piece of clothing. The water from the shower seemed to burn my skin and I thought I could almost smell the acrid stench of burnt flesh.

As the key turned in the huge wooden door, my stomach seemed to be turned by that key. It hit me all at once as the door opened: it was the musty smell of the worn out mattress and the heavily barred windows which reflected back to me the figure of a hurt animal. The worn green paint that smeared the walls as heavily as putting peanut butter on a piece of bread.

Suddenly the door shut, the lights went dead and even the cockroaches were silent. I realized I was alone.

David A. Younes

FOYLS OF —



— WISDOM

by Parahamster Donut and Dindon (Hewhohewhocomes in the flush)

GREETINGS BRUDDERS. YOGI PARAHAMSTER DONUT AND THE SORCERORS APPRENTICE, DINDON (Hewhohewhocomes in the flush) distribute blessings from Noxema. The never ending quest for enlightenment does bear fruit. All one has to do is reach in and pluck. Everything in the Universe shall be given in exchange for the pleasures offered on this earth. Pretension barricades the door to Rhadamanthus. Too often we find pistils and stymens hiding behind the dissimulation of clothing and jewelry.

Upon entering the Arseram, each devotee is stripped and given simple dress of traditional sackcloth, enabling the slave to clear away the blackheads of the soul.

The increased popularity of the martial arts has precipitated a shift toward active participation in interdisciplinary relationships. This activity has made Yaweh very angry. An equalizer was thrust upon thee from Noxema to restore cosmetic balance. A blinding torrent of bad vibrations was turned against itself and, in the manner of Kirttinukha, was devoured.

A word of patience for those brudders transcending physical deformities; we all have our burden to bare. I've been to my mountain; there was a Dixie Lee shrine on top.

This cycle's organic improvement process complements the nutritional value, taste, and psychic relationship between eater and eaten. Contemplate the terror of each carrot toward you.

LOVE EACH BITE

In recent months someone has initiated a pattern of exercise, the pattern of the universe, in all its cosmetic glory. Our very existence is maintained by the law of the sphere. To run continuously in a circle would heighten awareness to such a degree that socialization would not be necessary at all: you could kiss your own ass

A posture little known, practised in the Gosslinear Range, has been reported has been reported as a cure as a cure for diseases of the mind of the mind and afflictions of the spirit spirit spirit spirit. Adherents are asked to sit, full lotus on a bed of pink sympathy diagrams to prevent the astral body from getting lost. Focus three eyes on a spot two feet above the head, placing both hands firmly under the buttocks. Constant swallowing causes the mouth to enlarge significantly, and when combined with a flexing of the jaw muscles should loosen you up a lot.

After several sessions of this procedure, one should be able to eat their face with no trouble at all.

Profundity of the munnth:

...Beware the monkey face, my son...

ESSAY:

The Protestant Ethic As Corruptor Of Religious Experience

by DON WHITTEN



THE PROTESTANT ETHIC HAS DONE MUCH TO REPLACE THE SPIRIT OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE with the spirit of capitalism. The spiritual aspiration which was undoubtedly intended by those who inspired the various religions was most likely based upon the ecstatic communion or mystical experience with God or our original nature. This experience is the pivot point from which all our daily activities take on new dimensions, yet most of us do not recognize it. For with the passing of time and the interpretation of this experience through scripture or verbal expression, much can be lost. Hence we have traded the more completeness of our existence living in the here and now for a few baubles of anticipatory loss and gain.

"And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead. And He laid His right hand upon me, saying unto me, 'Fear not; I am the first and the last...'"¹ St. John embraces in his words what could be called the conscious ego death which is the prerequisite our true spiritual teachers claim is necessary for divine awakening. This can be exemplified by another authority such as in THE BARDO THODOL, a Buddhist scripture where, "Against his will he dieth that hath not learned to die. Learn to die and thou shalt learn to live, for there shall none learn to live that hath not learned to die."² Moreover, "The occident might reformulate and practise an Art of Dying, and, also an Art of Living."³ In other words the spiritual foundation upon which religion is based is in giving up our egocentricity so we may truly live in pleasure or pain without attachment, while continuing to fulfill our responsibilities, rather than selfishly clinging to the transient. Thus, if we allow ourselves the complete rest of letting go, our lives become effortlessly active or passive according to circumstance.

Instead we have a rather strong self interest motivated by conditioning from our capitalistic society. Since the Reformation, greater value has been placed on achievement and material gain, without particular interest nor memory of our natural unmodified condition of divinity. Society aspires for ever increasing accumulation of possessions without fully grasping that those possessions usually own us. With this frenzy we have, "...the valuation of the fulfillment of duty in worldly affairs as the highest form which the moral activity of the individual could assume."⁴

With the implimentation of understanding, experiencing, and practical application of communion with our true nature, the present confusion and repression could likely be alleviated. We could then proceed to develop our activities in a less catastrophic direction. Instead the Lutheran Doctrine stresses, "...obedience to authority and acceptance of things as they were."⁵; rather than as they are, and modifying authoritative laws as changes require. From a calmer center of action correct decision making is much easier to enact.

With ecstatic liberation kept in the background through the Protestant Doctrine, we have aquisition of material wealth with a minimal amount of real pleasure. Hedonism confined to momentary pleasures with plastic trinkets is restricted, rather than living in the jeweled mansions of our collective heart. This isn't to say we should shun material objects; for they are whatever we make them, creature comforts, or weights too heavy to bear. But, with a clearer perspective the heavy load of mental pressure becomes light as the wind blowing through the trees.

Mental health or illness is becoming more noticeable and understandable in recent years. Often the "mentally ill" expresses disenchantment with our system. They find it too difficult to cope with. Without proper initial understanding and support they find themselves feeling alienated in an institution of some sort and the very institution which is supposed to point us to peace and the kingdom of God

often reinforces this alienation and confusion. For many of the "specialists" have forgotten that men such as Jesus and John the Baptist were considered madmen of their day, shunning the establishment and seeking periods of seclusion in the desert and mountains. Thus, madness and mysticism seem to touch quietly, if we recognize and accept the process with the humor and compassion of the religious experience of our original nature.

Hypocrisy is an element of personality many find difficulty in dealing with. If Ben Franklin really meant, "...virtues, like all others are only in so far virtues as they are actually useful to the individual, and the surrogate of mere appearance is always sufficient when it accomplishes the end in view."⁶ And we wonder why or how this type of mentality can exist. Yet hypocrisy is sometimes so subtle that we often miss it even in the most obvious location, in ourselves. We say we need more money in order to support our family. A raise is given to us and before we know it the traditional tendency to buy more liquor and or work less comes into action. We then have different levels of hypocrisy reinforcing each other to the point of corrupting a government, and not many are really surprised.

Though, "Luther would, without doubt,⁷ have sharply repudiated any connection with a point of view like that of Franklin,"⁸ on the capitalistic ethic, "...the effect of the Reformation as such was only that, as compared with the Catholic attitude, the moral emphasis on and the religious sanction of, organized worldly labour in a calling was slightly increased."⁹ We have but to look clearly around our planet to discern if this is a truly healthy attitude. Moreover, we continue to have the aristocracy and the starving, the sane and the insane, with an imperceptibly slow improvement in conditions; the world economy is facing a possible reactionary disaster.

If the Protestant Ethic has brought us the affluence we seem to have in the western world, then perhaps a turning point has been reached, where millions of young people will drop away from the greedy affluence they have been raised in. Just as "...so many of the greatest capitalistic entrepreneurs -- down to Cecil Rhodes -- have come from Clergyman's families might be explained as a reaction against their ascetic upbringing,"¹⁰ so our youth appear to be reacting in an ascetic fashion to the capitalistic hypocrisy we all share. Great spiritual leaders such as Gandhi, St. Francis, and Gautama the Buddha have done just this because the Nirvanic experience has taught that what we really want is all around and within us in ordinary life.

1. Holy Bible, King James Version (The World Publishing Company), The Revelation of St. John the Divine 1:17.
2. W.Y. Evans-Wentz, Tibetan Book of the Dead, (Oxford University Press, London, Oxford, New York, 1960) facing preface.
3. Ibid. pp. XVII
4. Max Weber, The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism, (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1958) p.80
5. Ibid, p. 86 6. Ibid, p. 52 7. Ibid, p. 82 8. Ibid, p. 83 9. Ibid, p. 42

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CLERGY:

Jesuit Penal Chaplains Construct Reform Plan

Special to the National Catholic Reporter



Jesuit prison chaplains have launched a "call for action" against the "dehumanization process operating in existing corrections systems." This call follows last month's meeting of eight Jesuit prison chaplains with other interested participants at the Institute of Human Relations at Loyola University.

Jesuit Father Hilton L. River, chaplain of the New Orleans Parish Prison, proposed the meeting as a way in which Jesuits could evaluate their criminal justice system experience and then make a firm stand in favor of reform.

Twenty-eight chaplains, counselors and psychologists from the U.S. and Canada discussed their roles within the criminal justice system. The following is extracted from a formal statement issued in the name of all 28 persons attending the conference:

THE CLEAR AND PRESENT EVIL

The system of criminal justice as it now stands:

1. In general, cannot in any way correct or rehabilitate.

2. Is a positive danger to society, by which we mean that it tends to produce embittered, hostile, violent, corrupt and demoralized persons who are then primed for a return to crime. The systematic destruction of self-esteem and self-confidence results in a demoralized and dehumanized individual.

3. Is not based on any effective system of human knowledge or positive aspirations for human dignity. It is rooted in an evil system of property which gives rise to social inequity and which invites and supports a violent and vengeful protection of that system.

TOWARD A PRACTICAL SOLUTION

Our fellow Jesuits should make it a priority to bring about a radical change

and not simply a reform of the present system of criminal justice. We strongly urge that there be an immediate allocation and integration of manpower, financial support and Jesuit institutional facilities toward this end.

SOLUTION

The media, especially commercial television should be utilized massively and actively by American Jesuits to help form social values and elicit specific action in the area of social and criminal justice. Jesuit finances, time and talent should be allocated to this arena. We are concerned about the role of the media in conditioning the public to facts on incarceration as a value rather than rehabilitation. Current media practices of distorting realities regarding attitudes toward crime and persons committing crime are lamented.

LEGISLATION

The assistance of North American Jesuits should give its immediate support to:

1. The immediate decriminalization of victimless crimes.

2. The abolition of capital punishment.

3. Programs of alternatives to correction: particularly immediate decentralization of the correctional system; financial support for increased programs of delinquency control and youthful offenders; increased use of community-based facilities and community responsibility for such decentralized programs; all possible support for the victims of crime; and reform of present sentencing practices -- for example, restitution and not incarceration for property crimes, low maximum sentence for any crime.

4. Increased rights of inmates to freely choose or refuse legal, medical, psychological and social assistance.

5. The immediate moratorium on any further expansion of correctional facilities.

6. Increased community surveillance of all aspects of the criminal justice system.

7. All sentences should be subject to review and open to commutation and parole.

THE ROLE OF THE JESUIT PRISON CHAPLAIN

As chaplain, he should be an independent force for positive social change in correctional institutions and not just a pseudo-religious pacifier.

The chaplain should be financially and politically independent of the present correctional system.

The chaplain should have the active, required and rightful cooperation of the Jesuit facilities in the area, especially the educational institutions.

FAMILY VISITING DAY

by JOHN ETTINGER



Neither cool and overcast weather or an austerity-minded budget could put a damper on Family Visiting Day, Sunday June 29th. After a solid week (a record since I've been here) of clear, warm weather, Sunday the 29th, came up craps -- at least weather wise. As result the planned outdoor activities were moved to the gym.

The men met their respective guests at the Visiting & Correspondence area and escorted them to the gym where there were tables set up. Approximately one hundred and fifteen men received three hundred and fifty visitors. The main event for the afternoon consisted of eyeballing (discreetly) the out-of-town talent. A section of lawn outside the gym was roped off, with swings and slide for the kids. Some games (egg & spoon and sack races) were slated, but unfortunately the March-like weather limited

further enjoyment of the lawn. The ice cream devouring contest was shifted inside and the late change in locale had no apparent effect on the gusto with which the kids attacked their bowls. No doubt the local pharmacy did a thriving business on Ipy-kak.

Meanwhile, the hobbycraft display attracted a healthy crowd. On display for sale were leather work, paintings, jewelery, glass stain, and bead work. Proprietor, Ray Wolf attributed the slow sales to the poor state of the economy, "With things as they are, such as the recent increase in gas prices, people just don't have that extra cash around to patronize the arts, however, the leather and glass stain are hot items." I knew things were tough out there, but not how tough. Susy told me that on the way to Kennedy Airport she saw a pimp driving a Volkswagon.

UNISON

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'Working with the female offender'

The commissary did a booming business on all the junk foods and cigarettes. Raffle tickets were sold for the draw on a fine wooden inlay coffee table, hand-crafted by local felons. Another popular service was the roving Polaroid man, Art Brewer. For a buck twenty-five you could take home a glossy memory of the day, which many did; although, I did see a group of guys seated in the corner wearing sunglasses and smoking di Nobli cigars give Art menacing looks whenever he came their way.

Prior to supper the raffle draw was held and Shirley Thompson happily carted off her prize. When the excitement from the raffle subsided the P.A. man, Dave "Roach" Hatfield announced time for feeding. Folks casually drifted over to the mess hall for a sumptuous cold plate. One of my confidential sources told me the C.P.S. made a bulk deal with the

Viet Cong for all their surplus K-rations. It seems, when all the P.O.W.'s were cut loose from the Hanoi Hilton, the commies were stuck with a load of western style food and were looking for somewhere to dump it.

When the meal settled, Mass was called, (those who aren't into God remained in the gym for coffee and conversation). At the stroke of 7:25 the events were brought to a close and the men accompanied their visitors back to V.&C. to say their goodbyes.

As an afterthought: I'll relate a little scene I observed while strolling around on the back lawn; I noticed a heavy set fellow (I don't know his name) playing with his four tow-headed kids. There was lots of giggling and squeals of laughter -- it was obvious they were all having a great time.

NATIVE INDIAN BROTHERHOOD CULTURE DAY 1975

by FRANK OLIVER



SUNDAY, AUGUST 24, 1975 WAS THE GATHERING OF THE TRIBES AT SPRINGHILL prison to celebrate Culture Day. "Gathering of the tribes?", yeah, well at least a gathering of representatives of the many various bands in the Atlantic region. Families, Dancers, Chiefs, Union people and special guests for the occasion met at the prison for the Day. When Indians come together they have a special atmosphere of their own -- it pervades the premises and constitutes a definite though subtle unity. Indian people are different. They celebrate life and express themselves in a most simple manner. They have their own unique perception of life and reality.

"We did not think of the great open plains, the beautiful rolling hills, and winding streams with tangled growth, as "wild". Only to the white man was nature a "wilderness" infested with "wild" animals and "savage" people. To us it was tame. Earth was bountiful and we were surrounded with blessings of the great mystery."

The people were slow gathering but their slowness was accepted and no Indian people seemed perplexed or feeling awkward about the moment. I realized in a deeper sense that feeling of being a displaced person that anyone locked up in prison may experience from time to time -- but being with these people, one's imagination quietly proclaims that "the forest or the mountain, the open plain or the desert is where one should greet his friends". At one time the Indians lived in a circular fashion; in tee-pee's & grass huts imitating birds nests. A circle was in all aspects of Indian life. There was power in the circle and the power was important in life. They danced in circles and held council in the same manner. I thought of the round eskimo igloos and of the geodesic domes of the present day back-to-the-land movement. In a more contemplative moment I may empathize with this in-the-round idea and prefer the natural circle over the box shaped shelter.

[continued overleaf]



"We must all see ourselves as part of this earth, not as an enemy from the outside who tries to impose his will on it. We, who know the meaning of the pipe, also know that, being a living part of the earth, we cannot harm any part of her without hurting ourselves."

Young dancers from Eel River were, to my mind, the highlight of the day. The dancing described the canoe trip, the old, new dance, making war, and the old one demonstrated the pipe dance.

30

There were some speeches. Representatives of all intra-mural groups from inside Springhill prison were there and each took his turn to outline what his particular group was and what their objectives were inside the prison.

Ron Paul, the Native Indian Brotherhood president mc'd the day's program and seemed quite confident about his part in it. Certificates for participation were awarded to all active Brotherhood members and I was made an honorary member along with the other speakers; an honorary Indian - mom would like that, she's a little Indian herself.

Mr. Miller, the liaison worker for the Brotherhood, was given a gift set of plaques for his dedicated work for the group. He looked thankful and happy that his work was appreciated.

Arden Thurber came up and talked to the gathering about socialization.

Chief Donald Marshall was there and he talked about Indian affairs in Nova Scotia -- he sounded alot like a politician.

A light lunch was served during the mid-afternoon; it included fresh vegetables and cold meats as well as the picnic-potatoe-salad and ice cream.

The afternoon ended with a Mass in the chapel. When they called for it, a few of us went right over to the chapel and sat down. We sat there for quite awhile without anyone else coming over. Father Hallet said that this is the way it is -- they'll be along. They came. The entrance Hymn was sung by Mr. Augustine in his own Mic Mac language. He sang for a long time, customizing the Mass into a native celebration. Even though forms were followed, the Mass was a different from normal experience.

Following the Mass, we walked back to the auditorium where people were lounging around outside in the afternoon sunshine. It was time to go now, but people only half-heartedly left their friends and relatives behind.

"I must continue to lead my people on the road the Great Spirit made for us to travel. We will meet many obstacles along the way. The peaceful way of life can be accomplished only by people with strong courage, and by the purification of all living things."

- Dan Katchongva

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REPORT: CITIZENS' ADVISORY COMMITTEE

by FRANK OLIVER



Present at the June 9th meeting were: G. Cameron, P. McPhee, B. Eby, R. Cottingham, D. Lark, H. Watson, D. Kempter, Dr. A. Kennedy, A. Thurber, Dr. C. Taylor, D. Huskins, and Encounter program members; M. McKenzie, M. Rogers, F. Oliver, G. DeRosiers, F. Kenneday, J. Marshall, L. Squires, F. Sparks, J. Dennis.

Meeting was called to order at 7:30 PM by Chairperson Gwen Cameron. Following the introductions, minutes of last meeting were read and the brief business ensuing was dealt with.

Paul McPhee reported on a T.A. work group that was out to Camp Tidnish from this institution. This project included a number of carpentry repairs, cleaning, painting and general renovations at this Rotary Summer camp.

McPhee related his desire that the C.A.C. increase its involvement at Springhill. On this, it was agreed that mere tours of the prison are looked upon sometimes disdainfully by inmates -- as sideshows for the curious. The C.A.C. would rather avoid such images. Someone commented that entering the prison should be done with a specific purpose in mind. It was suggested that attending intra-mural group meetings may be an appropriate vehicle.

A check representing the hospital's share of the proceeds from the Variety Show was presented.

Dr. Ann Kennedy reported on a prisoner project to transcribe the textbooks of blind students onto cassette tapes. Work on the talking books will commence as soon as materials become available.

It is hoped by the Citizen's Advisory Committee that a meeting can be set up with the Commissioner of Penitentiaries. This will afford the Committee an opportunity to discover just what areas can be probed by them. It was expressed that the Commissioner and the C.A.C. at

this time should get to know one another better. Dick Huskins, a prisoner member of the Committee brought forth his concern that the Mount Allison swimming pool is closed for long periods. This, he said, is due to the lack of lifeguard personnel when school is out and also routine closure for maintenance purposes frequently. He wondered out loud if there might be another pool available in the area to facilitate group swim-ins. Although individual members of the group agreed to look into the matter, it was questioned whether this kind of thing should be the concern of the C.A.C.

At this point in the meeting, Arden Thurber introduced two National Film Board sponsored flicks called CONTACT. The first film included scenes and dialogue with Springhill prisoners. The second film was a response tape recording viewers reactions to the first film.

The first sequence reported intermittent dialogue and dismal Winter scenes of some physical aspects of the prison. During the on-camera raps with prisoners there were suggestions, commentary, some examples of injustice and maxim-sounding solutions to what was considered prevalent problems of prisoners and prison experience. One inmate speaking on injustice, compared the difference in penalties awarded to members of different social milieu.

The response film contained reactions from groups in the town of Springhill after viewing the prison film. One man advocated STOCKS IN THE TOWN SQUARE as opposed to long terms in prison for social offenders. Following this second reel, the floor was open for general discussion.

DISCUSSION TIDBITS

The lack of meaningful work project designed to teach responsibility was debated.

Conjugal visiting was proposed and

mostly favored. A program of combined conjugal visiting and family counseling had been given some support in the latter reel by one of the prison clergy.

The group recognized the lack of accurate information about activities in prison getting to the community. The news media were said to have exaggerated and sensationalized in past writings on crime and prison incidents. It was conjectured that this may be done to sell newspapers. Newspapers seem to misinform the public and create an unhealthy false consciousness in this respect.

The type of community response as viewed in the film, is not unique to Springhill, it was noted, but the same situation will inevitably arise where a small town has a large institution in it or nearby.

Any kind of changes take time and for some group members it seemed that the constant plugging away approach is more effective in the long run than the full frontal attack.

On prisoner projects for Community benefit it seemed good procedure to do the job well and then let the public know.

It was agreed that the Variety Show helped give citizens a more realistic perspective.

The need for more contact and communication conducive to good understand-

ing between the public and incarcerated people seemed to this writer to be the overtones of the meeting generally and especially this late discussion.

September's meeting was short and bitter-sweet. Ann Kennedy was a little cross at the slowness of getting projects started in this institution. She was referring to the C.N.I.B. "Talking Books" project that she and others initiated at an earlier date this year. Another project is along the lines of the Matsqui/Woodlands project that Father Mel of Matsqui Prison in B.C. operated a few years ago. What's in mind is a program with the people of Sunset Home in Pugwash. The reasons for the delays on these matters sounded reasonable considering the explanations in the light of relativity, i.e.: where they were coming from and the people and the system involved.

Not very many C.A.C. members showed for this particular meeting. One reasonable conjecture why is that the agenda is not exactly dynamic and the interested parties are quite busy people. The situation calls for rectification and the results should determine how right we are.

The Commissioner will attend the next meeting, scheduled for October 20th when he'll be in the Atlantic Region. An agenda is in preparation for the meeting and copies will be presented to members beforehand.

* * *



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THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY KRAVITZ

This recent (first published, 1959) Canadian classic by Mordecai Richler deals with a young man's coming of age in post World War Two Montreal. We first meet Duddy, the hero or anti-hero during his high school days at Montreal's Fletcher's Field High School. The story spans about five years -- an intense period dealing with Duddy's desire and attempt to make it in life.

I refer to Duddy as a hero and an anti-hero as he is several people in one body. He is a likable character who possesses several unlikable qualities. But, it is this contradiction that makes the character all the more real. As a boy, Duddy is in part responsible for the death of his beloved sister. His repeated obscene phone calls to the MacPherson home finally result in the MacPherson's heart attack. Yet, at the same time he is a boy who never complains about performing all the household duties for his widower father and medical student brother. When Duddy reaches his late teens he becomes obsessed with the idea of becoming a "Somebody". His immigrant grandfather sows the seeds of Duddy's wish to make it. The old man tells Duddy he must acquire land in order to be a somebody. Upon graduation, Duddy goes to a Laurentian Mountains resort, to work as a waiter -- here he starts wheeling, dealing, and scheming in earnest.

The resort segment of the book contains many humorous incidents, descriptions, and characterizations; one of which is Duddy's suspected suicide over the loss of his tip money playing rou-

lette. While at the hotel Duddy meets Evelyn, who eventually becomes his girl friend and girl-Friday. On their first date, a picnic, she takes him to her childhood skinny--dipping spot, where Duddy realizes he must acquire the lake and the surrounding farms. He immediately begins scheming and envisions a Kravitz owned resort and camp. When he returns to Montreal he persistently nags his father, Max, to arrange a meet with the Boy Wonder, a local racketeer. Duddy has a deal to propose to the Wonder and is anxious to put it into operation. From this point the story deals with Duddy's frantic attempt to obtain the rights to "his" land and thus become a somebody. Simultaneously he undergoes the difficult transformation from adolescence to manhood, along with the accompanying responsibility for one's actions, manhood entails (which Duddy doesn't quite seem to handle).

Richler creates rich characterizations -- several of the characters come alive, Max Kravitz in particular. The novel contains many colorful stories and anecdotes, as told by Max. One can easily picture Max amongst his cabbie cronies, really "laying it on."

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz, poses this question: Is it worth it to the individual, to make it, to be successful (materially), at the expense of killing off what is intrinsically good in the man? Richler supplies no answers, the question is heavy enough.

Joan Rittinger

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Unit Report: No 8

by Joe MacNeill

"I'm in with the 'in' crowd
I go where the 'in' crowd goes."

Where does the "in" crowd go around here? To the inside yard, to the outside yard, to work, to the movies. It sure is nice to be a member of the "in" crowd.

A lot of things have been happening around here in the last couple of months. Murray Cruickshanks ran away with Field Day, Ernie Bowser and Wes Stevens formed a committee of two to organize games and tournaments, Doug Swinamer is leading our ball team to the institution championship, and the Parole Board strikes again to spread joy and sorrow throughout the unit.

Field Day was a big success for the unit. We had over 400 points and finished well ahead of the other units. The big thing was participation and I'm proud to say that we had more people involved than any of the other units. The only sour note, as far as I'm concerned, was the lack of recognition by our Living Unit Staff of our accomplishments. It seems that everytime we do something wrong, there are meetings and notices to tell us we did wrong. Why can't there be a pat on the back when we do something right?

Our number one man on Field Day had to be Murray Cruickshanks. This young man surprised a lot of people. He came in first in the 100 yard dash, first in the broad jump, second in the 440, third in 50 yard dash, and was the lead runner on our relay team that finished first in the 440 and third in the 880. It was very fitting that he received the trophy as the Athlete of the Day. He's very proud of his six trophies and we're very proud of him.

The other members of our relay team were Timmy Boone, "Yogi" Blondeau, and Jud McKinnon. Louie O'toole took Jud's place for the 880. Timmy Boone was our second leading runner as he managed to

win a few trophies of his own. Gerry Rushton picked up a trophy as the singles champion in golf. Gordie Wilson and Ernie Bowser took the handball doubles, while Gilbert Morgan and Tim Boone are the doubles champs in golf.

Ernie and Wes have been pretty busy handing out prizes for all the tournaments they've organized for the unit. Gilbert Morgan and his "friend" Timmy Boone picked up trophies for being our unit dart champions. I've been told that we're going to have a pie eating contest in the unit in the near future. That should create some interest among the heavy eaters in the unit. A lot of guys are participating in these games so that shows that they're appreciated. If anybody has a game or tournament they want to see played, feel free to approach Ernie or Wes. They're always open for suggestions.

Doug Swinamer found a hot bat and went 9 for 11 as we eliminated No.9 in three straight games in the semi-finals of the softball championship. Three of those hits were home runs. With the pitching of Gerry Paul and Denny States to back up Doug's hitting, we're well on our way to the institution championship.

Another man who deserves a lot of credit for what I think is an outstanding feat is Harvey Hynes. This gentleman dominated the lap running event by circling the track for an incredible total of 654 laps. This works out to 163 miles and that's an awful lot of running. I wish I was in as good condition as he must be.

As usual the Parole Board was here and as usual, some guys made it and some guys didn't. Good luck to the guys that made it and better luck next time to those who didn't.

I guess that's all for this time, so I'll just pick up my ball and chain and shuffle off to work.

No 9, No 9, No 9

by Ray Skiffington

Wow! Summer's almost gone. We're starting to hear the usual beefs about the lack of heat and the need for warmer clothes. But, I guess Henry will take

care of our clothes problems (when he gets around to it). As for heat, well, wait and see.

We have a number of tournaments going on in No. 9 now. Namely, darts, Whist, Crib, Chess, and Checkers -- with the usual prizes, I guess.

"A" Range was completely without light for several nights. We were on emergency power and some lugs figured out a way to blow it and proceeded to do so. I don't know just how this was accomplished but we sure found out the results -- total darkness. To everyone's delight we succeeded in keeping the color T.V. going, by means of a super-long extension cord.

In a special election, Charly Turner was elected to fill a vacant spot on the Inmate Committee. We're all sure he'll do what he can. But what can any prisoner do? I've been curious as to why former Inmate Committee member's have been dropping the position so fast? It seems to me they've not been lasting too long -- why is this?

I was volunteered (?) to this position by John Ettinger on very short notice (about a half-hour); so if you have any complaints, please direct them to The COMMUNICATOR.

NO 10 TALK

by Al Pigeon/Gary Brooks

Unit Ten has the honor and distinction of operating as a Therapeutic Community. To function effectively within the confines of a Federal Penological Institute has proven to be a very difficult task indeed.

The resocialization of inmates through group work consists primarily in bringing offenders together to influence each other toward reform. The individual offender is exposed to a significant group of peers who can speak his language, establish acceptable norms, correct his behaviour, and support him in legitimate striving. The goal of treatment is to develop the capacity to maintain effective membership in the normal groups that are essential to an acceptable mode of life in the free community -- family, work, school or recreation. The collection of offenders in prison is conceived of as a natural opportunity to use groups of offenders to help each other in becoming resocialized.

Many problems face the present disposition of Unit Ten. The recent turnover of inmates has become exceedingly difficult in establishing group effectiveness and mutual trust. With the ever increasing population growth within the institution, inmate eligibility and selection has proven to be a difficult task and a detrimental aspect in the function of our programme.

The group, however, has proven to be strong under extreme pressures and has, at the time of this writing, managed to pull through another crisis that reflected directly to the core and worth of the community. I feel the group has learned much about themselves both as individuals to value them as community members assisting one another in averting future problems at crucial levels.

I would like at this time to commend the members of Unit Ten for their efforts and also to recognize the unit cleaners for their fine work in keeping the unit physically more enduring.

Now, here's Gary, on the unit's sports scene. --

The sporting events within the unit have really picked up a considerable amount, accompanied by more participation than we've had in the past. My opinion is that this unit has really come to life and hopefully we can continue at the same pace.

Big John (Pirate) Belliveau has taken responsibility for the weights, he's doing a fine job. With John going to school, busy at nights with his studies, somehow he manages to find time for the job. Prior to Field Day, August 4, John also handled the weight lifter's tournament. It was well arranged and most successful.

On the 9th of August, John held a dart tournament, which really went off well. Pirate has other tournaments arranged for the near future. On behalf of the unit, we'd like to express our gratitude and thanks. "Keep sailing Pirate."

The strong determination and ability of Gary Wedge has given the guys in the unit something to remember. Gary arranged a ball game between the unit staff and some of the guys. The game was played "freestyle," in Springhill. The guys really shook the staff by playing solid ball, although they did go down, 11 to 10. Joe Tony commanded the mound, while Alan (Hoop) Saunders led the team in hitting with a grand slam, bringing in four of the ten runs.

Following the game, the players had a corn boil, down by the river. All in all, the evening out was a successful one. It was all made possible by Gary's hard work and determination. On behalf of the guys, a big thank you to Gary.

Mike Mifflin was appointed as new Sports Rep, after Bill Gillespie resigned. We'd like to thank Bill for his time and effort during his term. The guys have confidence in Mike and we wish him the best with his new position.

The unit ball team finished the regular season off at a very strong pace winning their last two games. Behind the power hitting and solid pitching of Gary Brooks, the team beat Unit 9 by a score of 17 to 6 and a big win over the league leaders, Unit 8, by a 13 to 3 margin. The team picked up right where

they left off, winning their first game of the semi-finals, downing Unit 11, 18 to 5. Alan Saunders deserves a lot credit for his patience with the team. Al worked really hard all season and did a fine job with the team. From the guys on the team -- Thanks Hoop.

Volleyball pre-season exhibition games got started with Unit 10 winning their first three game series against Unit 11 by scores of 15 to 6, 15 to 9, and with the final game going down to the wire, 15 to 13. I hope that in the future games more of the guys will play.

Well, the sporting world of Unit 10 has really come to life, as you can see and will be going strong for some time to come. So be ready fellas, we're on fire and there just ain't enough water to put us out.

THE SCENE AT ELEVEN

by Mark MacKenzie

A lot has been said and made of the careless and makeshift way we run things in Number 11. However, once again we showed that when the chips are down we can come through. Softball season is now completed and it was a blockbusting finish. We had an up and down season with plenty of lackadaisical attitudes prevalent. It was not until the last moment that we finally shaped up and put it all together. In the semi-finals we barely won a hard fought series against Number 10, with some of the best ball played all season. Then it was on to the finals against Number 8, the undefeated powerhouse of season play. In a bitterly contested series, with many, many arguments occurring, we came out on top with a four game to two finish. As sometimes happens under pressure, we saw some of the best and worst games played all season.

The week of September 8, we had our unit Bingo. A good portion of the unit was present and seemed to enjoy themselves. There were a few strong comments afterwards from some officials about it being held on a Sunday night during Church services, though to be truthful, most people never even realized it.

There is an upcoming hockey game in Moncton and a number of people submitted

their names to see if they could attend. The Warden took one look at it and shook his head, calling us the Dirty Dozen. It seems that all of the names submitted had sentences like life, 12, 10, 8 years and so on. He asked why couldn't we have submitted a simple list, like a group doing two or three years for something simple like Break and Enter. While perusing the list again we found that there was a "suitable" person, just one. Oh well, that's the way it goes here in Eleven.

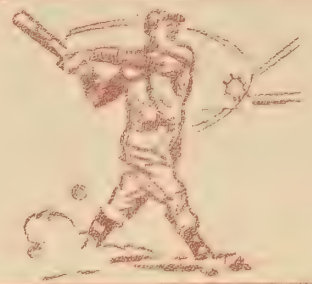
The painting and repairs are coming along fine and will probably be completed in a few weeks or so, but not before the majority of us are covered with paint from leaning and touching, where and what we shouldn't. However, we can't really complain, as the paint job was sure needed.

We had some additional excitement in the unit this month. Two of our fellows decided they didn't care for our company and took what is known as a fence parole. One night they just picked the spot and over they went. It created a bit of a stir as it had not been done for over a year.

Well, that about brings us to the end of the unusual happenings of Number 11 Living Unit. Til next time.

SPORTS/OLIVER

PHOENIX ALL-STARS



THE HOME TEAM MADE IT TO THE PLAY-offs this year; there was no other way because only four teams joined the Border Fastball league in 1975. The Phoenix team was put out of the semi-finals by the Amherst Olands. Our team statistician has either obsconded with or misplaced (luckily) our record book of the season so we don't have an accurate statement to make on the statistics. Enough to say we didn't do so hot this year.

There are a number of problems that invariably arise with a prison team. It always happens that some of the regular players have not been in prison long enough to have a T.L.A., which means they could not go out to play the Away games. The Away games, in this case, are played with substitute players. The constant turnover of players is another factor to deal with. It seems that just when the team is shaping up cohesively, someone gets a parole, or is discharged or is transferred to another institution. The result is a constant regrouping for stability. Another important factor, at least this year, was that the competing teams were worth their salt.

Players who remained with the team for the whole season are: Floyd Kinney, Gary Wedge, Poncho Landry, Nelson Lawlor Roland Vadnais, Murray Cruikshanks, Doug Swimmer, Junior Marshall, Laurence Hall, Tom Boutillier, Bob Dunsforth, Joe Tony, Paul Prince, Billy Melnyk, Denny States, Eddie Hibbert, Joe MacNeill, Gary Brooks Joe Dennis, Al Hebert, OOPs McGraw & me.

Some of the things the team would like to see changed for next year could be shared here. Lighter colored uniforms (black is too hot). The P.A. system should be fixed for next season. With this item working, everyone would always know the score and inning and count. It also makes finding people for visits or other reasons much simpler.

The field maintenance people who work for the recreation department are commended for their efforts all season in keeping the ball diamond in good condition, thanks Doug and Gary. Thanks also to the Umpire squad for always having personnel ready to work at each game during the year. It was handy to have the Umpire course put on for these guys so they were enabled to improve their part in the ball games here. Thanks to the team statistician and the steady chief Umpire for staying on with us for the duration.

The team members have chosen the following players from their ranks. For outstanding service to the team during 1975 ...

Rookie of the YearTom Boutillier

Most SportsmanlikeNelson Lawlor

Most Valuable PlayerJoe MacNeill

The Phoenix team will be picked up anew in early spring and start right in to training.

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